

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 5. NO. 30

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Department Store

JEWELRY, WATCH REPAIRS, INDIAN BRACELETS
Best Native Jeweler and Engraver in Alaska Employed for This Department of the Store
Curios, Souvenirs, Postals, Stationery, Books
and Periodicals, Cigars and
Tobaccos

Large Stock of General Merchandise Always on Hand, Wholesale or Retail

Local Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Washington and Mayer Shoes—the best all around line of Shoes
in Alaska.—Amazon Hip Rubbers—the best yet, good looking and
strong and guaranteed.—Finck's Overalls, Bridge & Beach Stoves,
Ivy Flour—"it clings like the ivy"—once tried, always used.

We are Sole Agents for THE **MAYER SHOE**

SLOW, BUT SURE is a motto that will apply to some things, but it does not appeal to the people who **WEAR MAYER SHOES**, for they are not slow to appreciate foot comfort and are sure where they can find it.
The leather used in making the Mayer Shoe is made in Milwaukee, the largest leather-producing city in the world. Being in the very midst of this great industry enables them to pick from the choicest product, and this is one of the reasons why the Mayer Shoe will outwear any other.

Furs Purchased at Highest Prices

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

AND STILL THEY COME

Celebration Fund Has Reached
Seven Hundred Dollars up
to This Writing



TWO BRASS BANDS

And Many West Coast Residents Are
Coming on the Fourth

Since our last issue the Fourth of July celebration committee has kept up the solicitation for funds, and up to the date of this writing over \$700 have been subscribed by the town people. The success of the celebration is now assured, and all who come to Wrangell on that day will return to their homes fully convinced that this town knows how to "do the thing up brown."

The committee has the assurance of a large attendance from the West Coast. Supt. H. F. Swift of the Klawack cannery has offered to tow the big barge "Mildred" from Shakan, bringing all who wish to come from Klawack, Shakan, Marble Creek and Woodsy. This will include the two brass bands from Klawack and Shakan, and also quite a number of natives who will participate in the canoe races. A good attendance is also expected from Petersburg, Santa Ana and Lake Bay.

Substantial prizes will be offered for all of the sports. The majority of these sports will be aquatic, such as boat and canoe races, swimming races, and log rolling contests. There will, however, be foot races, jumping, pole vaulting and other tests of strength and agility afield.

Owing to the lateness, the committee may be unable to get fireworks, but if possible, a fine pyrotechnic display will also be given. The program and prizes will appear next week.

Don't forget that the Glorious Fourth comes but once a year, and if you would enjoy the coming one more than ever

COME TO WRANGELL

JUDGE SNYDER'S REMOVAL

As the press of Alaska and the people of this section have been discussing this question for the past two weeks, the SENTINEL feels its duty of giving a true version of the matter:

On the 25th of April the following appeared in this paper:

"Gov. Hoggatt has returned to Alaska after a season of knocking against Alaska's interests at the national capital, together with other corporation catspaws. He could not longer endure to remain away from his ideal government, which permits corporations to force their employees to eat swill, and upholds such inhuman treatment by calling out the military of the country in which all men are supposed to be free and equal. Ideal government! Political rot!"

On the 8th of May, Judge Snyder received notice from Judge Wickersham that complaint had been filed against him, as one of the publishers of this paper, for publishing the item, and gave him three days in which to make explanation or show cause why he should not be removed from office, to which Snyder replied:

"The article in the ALASKA SENTINEL of April 25th last was published without my knowledge, and met my disapproval when first brought to my notice. I am sorry to do with its publication. I wire herewith certificate of the publisher and manager as to the correctness of this statement. A. V. R. SNYDER, Commissioner."

The certificate of the publisher was as follows:

"I, George C. L. Snyder, publisher and manager of the ALASKA SENTINEL, hereby certify that A. V. R. Snyder had nothing to do with any article that appeared in said paper of April 25th, either by writing, editing, or otherwise, and that he knew nothing of the contents of said paper until after its issuance. GEO. C. L. SNYDER. Subscribed and sworn to before J. E. Worden, notary public."

Further explanation it was impossible to make, as there was no mail boat for five days between this point and Juneau. But so swift is "justice" (sometimes) that on the 18th of May an order was made by Judge Gunnison, through Judge Wickersham, removing Snyder from office for a thing of which he was entirely innocent, and no more accountable than Judge Gunnison himself. The people of this place knew the true

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Flshing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

St. Michael Trading Company

New Spring Goods Are Arriving Continually
Oil Clothes—Cannery Supplies

Large Assortment Ladies' Suiting and White Goods

Tin Shop in Connection

Camp Stoves, Heaters and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Odd Jobs on Short Notice

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

The machinery is now well placed in the shingle mill, and the company expect to begin cutting shingles on Monday next. They have secured a good water supply by putting in a dam just below the mill reservoir on Mill Creek.

Mr. W. Pike arrived up from Victoria last week on the way to his mines in the Cassiar country. Mr. Pike has recently returned from a trip to England.

On the last down trip of the Jefferson, last week Mr. L. J. Cole took passage. He went to Seattle, will visit for a time at Chehalis, and a late wire announces that he will visit his old haunts in Missouri before returning home. SENTINEL wishes him a pleasant trip and a safe return to his Alaska home.

The Ketchikan Miner announces the death of Mrs. M. E. Martin, which occurred at Portland, Or., June 7, 1907. The bereft husband has the sympathy of his many Wrangell friends in this, his time of sorrow.

After being fully loaded for Telegraph Creek, the Mount Royal was Monday ordered to return at once to the Skeena River. It took Capt. Johnson 36 hours to explain over the wire that it meant a hard job to unload 90 tons of freight, when he was told to make this trip, and the Mt. Royal left the river at 2 a. m. yesterday.

Uncle Sam's navy now enjoys the distinction of being second in point of strength among the powers, England remaining first.

The Scientific American estimates that the 735,300,970 bushel wheat crop of last year would make a loaf of bread, 2.158 feet long, or fill a trench 141 miles long and 35.35 feet.



Lynn Worden has been suffering from tonsillitis, for several days past.

W. G. Thomas was a passenger for Seattle on the Humboldt, last Friday morning.

A pack of mangy curs tore John Martindale's little dog "Slivers" literally to pieces, Monday night.

H. D. Campbell went to Ketchikan on the Humboldt, where he will build a commodious annex to Stedman's hotel.

Ed Garlick is suffering from a fractured ankle, sustained by slipping on the walk the fore part of the week.

Meadames Langille and Davis of Ketchikan, are in town on a visit, the guests of Mrs. Bronson.

N. J. Svendsen was in from the flats, during the week. He has done well fishing, this spring.

Ed Weber went to Ketchikan on the Cottage to help H. D. Campbell on the Steadman building.

W. P. Ball, after spending four years in the up-river country, came down on the Mount Royal, Sunday, on the way to his old home in Minnesota.

Mr. Lemieux is doing much work in clearing the Catholic reservation, and it is the intention to erect a church on the south-east corner of the property, before long.

J. G. Grant is putting a neat front in the old Pioneer building, and otherwise improving it for the Rys Drug Co., who will open out with a good stock of drugs at an early date.

W. C. Waters has purchased the property of the Alaska Fish Products' Co., at Holbrook, recently advertised in the SENTINEL. Those conversant with the property say it was a good buy.

At the last regular meeting of Stikine Tribe No. 5, Imp. O. R. M., June 11, the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter. E. J. Prescott, Sachem; John Schuler, S. S.; Wm. Cook, J. S.; L. J. Cole, Prophet; A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.; J. E. Worden, K. of W.; J. G. Grant, Coll. of W. L. M. Churchill was chosen Trustee for eighteen months.

Mrs. J. W. Haskins did not long survive her husband, whose death occurred so suddenly, recently. Mrs. Haskins died at Victoria, June 2, under about the same conditions that Mr. Haskins died about two weeks before.

Mercury has been hovering between the 40 and 60 mark, the past week.

SOME NOVEL HOTEL RULES

Here are some rules used a hotel in a neighboring town:

1.—Travelers without trunks will be fastened to the bedpost with a chain, and the chain locked. The key will be kept in the safe over night. Any one caught filing the chain will be charged two dollars extra.

2.—We hereby give warning that letters written on the stationary wash tub will not go.

3.—There are three departments—up stairs, downstairs and outdoors—outdoors is the cheapest.

4.—If the bell in your room is broken, wiring the towel.

5.—The proprietor absolutely refuses to furnish alarm clocks. They might go off without settling up.

6.—If you get thirsty during the night you will find a spring in the bed.

7.—When the bride and groom come to table for the first time, nobody must refer to them as tablespoons, under a penalty of 60 cents and ten years in jail.

8.—Guests afflicted with hay fever are requested not to sneeze when passing grass widows.

9.—Any guest who thinks his bill is exorbitant may argue the matter with the bull terrier in the back yard, who is kept hungry for that purpose.

10.—Guests wishing to kick will find spurs on the gas jet.

11.—Baseball enthusiasts will find a pitcher on the commode.

12.—Guests wishing to get up without being called may have self-raising flour for supper.

13.—If your room gets too dark, take a feather out of the pillow. That is light enough.

14.—If your food or drinks are not served red-hot or ice-cold, please report to the office and the waiter will be shot out of a cannon.

15.—Guests wishing to "set 'em up" are reminded that the proprietor drinks but three times a day—before meals, after meals and between meals.

If there is anything in the eatable line that L. C. Patenaude, Dr. DeVigne and C. E. Weber like better than anything else, it is stewed chicken, mashed potatoes, lettuce, young onions, radishes etc., finishing off with open-faced pie with a frosted lemon meringue. The report is current that the gentlemen had just such a dinner Tuesday afternoon, and the better halves of the two former knew nothing about it until they each received a package of chicken bones, nicely picked. For further information you will have to consult them.

situation and at once a petition, signed by every substantial business man of the town, was taken to Juneau, and Judge Wickersham telegraphed it to Judge Gunnison, who notified Snyder on the 25th that he would wire his decision in the matter the latter part of the week. But instead, the Judge has sent Mr. Blane of Hoonah here to take charge of the office, temporarily, presumably, until his (the Judge's) return from the Fairbanks district.

This is a correct statement of the matter, and to its merits this paper will probably refer at length in the future; suffice it to say that since his appointment to the office of Commissioner, the elder Snyder has had nothing to do with the publication and management of the SENTINEL, his name appearing at the head of its columns at the request of the publisher, to give the paper prestige, as the Judge had established and successfully conducted it for three years.

"A Mother's Lament For Her Boy" is the title of one of the songs recently composed by our good friend Prof. Geo. H. Edson, and a number of the finished copies were received by recent mail from the publishing house. This writer has not yet heard the song, but it looks good, and the words are in Prof. Edson's own inimitable style. Copies may be procured for 25 cents from Prof. Edson. Try it over on your piano.

The last north trip of the Humboldt brought Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stackpole, who return after an absence of several months, spent in Washington. They are both mighty pleased to get back, as they say the heat and dust of the Sound country was almost unbearable. Fred is an experienced fish hatchery man, and will have charge of the hatchery for that pioneer, J. C. Callbreath.

Since the arrival of the Cottage City last Friday morning Deputy Marshal Grant has been the happiest man in town, as the boat brought Mrs. Grant, her daughter and little Jerry, all being in good health and spirits and glad to get back to their old Wrangell home, out of the heat and dust and away from flies, fleas and other pests to be found in the country on the outside.

John Mantle came up from his saltery Saturday. He has been busy, lately, making barrels and getting ready for the fishing season to open up.

DR. HARRY C. DeVIGHNE

GENERAL PRACTICE.

Calls attended day or night.
Wakeland Building, Wrangell, Alaska.

Charley Lynch is nursing a very sore right hand as the result of an accident which occurred at Looker's logging camp one day this week. Charley was bucking, when in some manner the handle of the saw slipped off, and before he could recover his equilibrium his hand came in contact with the sharp teeth, and the web between the thumb and index finger was cut to the bone.

Those two lady passengers on the Seattle, dressed in blue, wanted flowers so badly that they reached over the fence and pulled a choice lilac bloom without the consent of the occupant of the premises. When confronted on a charge of the theft, the guilty party dug up all the loose change she had (35 cents) and was allowed to depart in peace.

After conducting the primary department of the Wrangell public school in a manner highly satisfactory to all patrons and gratifying to her pupils, Miss Ella Woods is told by the school board that her services are not desired another year. The reason assigned is that they want a new corps of teachers.

The three fire extinguishers that arrived recently have been distributed at points calculated to be for the best interests of the town. One is in the St. Michael building opposite the C. L. Hamilton house; one is in the fire house near the electric light plant, and the other will be kept in the center of town.

A son was born to Mrs. Freidenberg, in Wrangell, on the 7th inst.

Wrangell Marble Works

Keep in stock a fine line of monuments and slabs manufactured from the best product of the

Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for shipping to all points in Alaska.

Lowery & Woodbridge

WRANGELL, ALASKA

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

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Do not buy an Experiment—Buy a

Little Giant

BEST BY TEST
RELIABLE
REVERSIBLE
TWO-CYCLE

Simple and easy to operate, only three moving parts, no gears, valves or springs—nothing to get out of order. Workmanlike and material of the highest order, and guaranteed. Jump spark ignition. Not heavy nor cumbersome. Modern in every detail.

SAM GUNNINGHAM, Agent
Wrangell, Alaska

The Hudson's Bay Co's. Steamer HAZELTON

Will leave Wrangell, Alaska, for Telegraph Creek, B. C., and way points along the Stikine River, on or about

MAY 20, 1907

offering finest accommodations for tourists and hunters.

For rates and other particulars, address

G. LOCKERBY, Purser,
J. P. BUCHEY, Master.
Wrangell, Alaska

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

The price of a foreign title is often more than the mere money.

Most babies are homely little things, but it isn't well to say so to their mothers.

Mr. Rockefeller's gifts make some of the other philanthropists' contributions look like street car fare.

With his new white broadcloth evening tux Mark Twain will be able to give the summer girl some lively competition.

Naturally, a country that is given to such mild sports as prize fighting looks with horror upon the Cubans' brutal cock fights.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given a million to a college that didn't ask for it. The silence among the other colleges is now vociferous.

Jules Verne is so far out of date that it is possible to go around the world now in forty days. Of course you have to have the money.

What if the supply of coal does look as if it would give out in 200 years? You will have 175 years before it will be necessary to worry about it.

An esteemed Washington contemporary seems to be trying to nag Mr. Carnegie into founding and endowing a school for simplified spelling.

A London physician says people would be healthier if they ate less. Under the present schedule of prices, they would also be much richer.

America ships lemons to every country except Russia. Japan recently handed to Russia all the lemons that country will need for a good many years to come.

Although she never joined the philanthropists' union, Mrs. Russell Sage doesn't feel that duty demands of her to work more than eight hours a day giving away her wealth.

One Texas woman can ride fifty miles in one direction without getting off her own land. Imagine the predicament of a book agent making for the front gate with a bulldog after him.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about that case of the New York man who was found to have been afflicted with fifteen different diseases is the fact that appendicitis was not one of them.

People who do not live in earthquake zones are quick to congratulate themselves every time they think of San Francisco, Valparaiso or Kingston. Still nobody can tell when the train he's on is going to try to run over another train.

Charles Curtis, who was lately elected to the United States Senate from Kansas, is more completely American than any other member of that body. His mother was a full-blooded Kaw Indian. Mr. Curtis has served in the House of Representatives for fourteen years.

Superficiality is the bane of the day and backed up as it so often is by colossal self-esteem and forwardness it adds a formidable contingent to the must-get-on classes of people. No one wants to plod nowadays; the getting on must be rapid, and in trying to attain money without having to work for it falsehood, dishonesty and heartlessness creep in.

It is interesting to note the rate at which new theories of medical science are reversing those that prevailed a few years ago. Once when the consumptive was told to seek a change of climate he checked his trunk for Florida or some other sub-tropical section. But advanced views upon the nature and treatment of the disease have materially changed that. Dryness is a much more important condition than warmth. The patient can be protected against cold, but against moisture in the climate there is no defense except to run away from it. The full force of extreme expression of the reaction is illustrated by the fact that a Washington physician proposes to take about thirty consumptive patients on a health-seeking expedition to Greenland this summer.

Frequent references are seen in the Washington dispatches nowadays to the Congressional "whip" of the party in power. This is a new phrase in American history, although it has been in common use in English history for many generations. The "whip," or the member of Parliament who keeps track of the members of his party, who gets them into the House when they are needed, and conveys to them the wishes of the premier or the leader of the opposition, is one of the indispensable agents in the British system. Of late years here the Speaker of the House of Representatives has used a member to do this service for him as the representative of the party in power, and the party out of power naturally has to follow his example.

If trains of cars are to run sixty or eighty miles an hour, is it not imperative that coaches should be made with a special view to such speed? The

superior safety of the Pullman cars is due to their stronger construction and heavier weight. While it is perfectly appropriate and reasonable that those passengers who pay the additional charge should enjoy the extra comforts they pay for, all passengers should be equally safe. Freight cars of steel construction have almost superseded certain classes of wooden freight cars, being lighter and cheaper in the long run. Might it not be a safeguard against fatal accidents to construct passenger coaches of steel? At least, all passenger cars should be made as strong and safe as Pullman cars. There can be no doubt that many lives would be saved if this were done, and it would probably be far cheaper for the railroad companies in the end.

Incomplete statistics covering only two-fifths of the population of the United States show a death rate of 16.2 for each thousand for the year 1905. A comparison with the death rates of a number of years fails to reveal any improvement, but rather indicates retrogression. Tuberculosis, pneumonia and cancer rank as the leading causes of disease, and the last-named disease claims more and more victims. The figures do not make a pleasant impression, but it is well to bear in mind that the question of health, sanitation, hygiene, individual and social, were never more earnestly studied than now, and that within the last year or two much has been done to insure a diminution of the death rate in the near future. Very likely even the statistics for 1906 will contain gratifying evidence of the beneficial effects of this activity, but, at any rate, the years to come are certain to bear testimony to the value of the work, theological and practical, lay and scientific, that is being done in combating disease. Research and investigation, more liberally endowed, are gradually solving the problems of diseases that have been as baffling as they are menacing and fatal. On the other hand, the duty and practicability of preventing disease by establishing and maintaining healthy conditions are more and more keenly realized. Tuberculosis, it is now understood, is a "social disease," and a successful campaign against it involves attacks on sweatshops, filthy tenements, dark and overcrowded basements and "alcoves" and insanitary factories. The gospel of plenty of pure air is preached more vigorously than ever, and as one result we have crusades against smoke and dust from quarters which have taken little interest in financial and commercial or aesthetic objections to the smoke nuisance. Exercise, moderation, temperance and legislation in various directions safeguarding the health of women and minors in the mills and factories cannot but contribute powerfully to the physical welfare of the people. The lesson of the mortality statistics is the need of even greater attention to health and stricter enforcement of all laws directly or indirectly tending to protect it.

The Parish Church of Kingston, which dated from the late seventeenth century, was the colonists' most cherished antiquity. The main part of the building was original, but the side aisles were of later date. It was first reported that the statue of Queen Victoria had been turned completely round, but the photograph shows that this was not so. It was twisted to an angle of about 45 degrees from its original position and was shaken to the

edge of the pedestal, but not thrown down. The Myrtle Bank Hotel presented, as Lord Dudley remarked, the appearance of a grotesque, shattered doll's-house. One wall was shaken down, leaving the rooms open to view. At the hotel Sir Alfred Jones and his party had lunched just before the catastrophe. After the shock, fire broke out at the military hospital, and forty sick soldiers of the West India Regiment lost their lives.

WINTER.

The day had been a calm and sunny day. And tinged with amber was the sky at even; The fleecy clouds at length had rolled away, And lay in furrows on the eastern heaven; The moon arose and shed a glimmering ray, And round her orb a misty circle lay.

The hoar-frost glittered on the naked heath, The roar of distant winds was loud and deep, The dry leaves rustled in each passing breath, And the gay world was lost in quiet sleep. Such was the time when, on the landscape brown, Through a December air the snow came down.

The morning came, the dreary morn, at last, And showed the whitened waste. The shivering herd Lowed on the hoary meadow ground, and fast Fell the light flakes upon the earth un- stirred;

The forest firs with glittering snows o'er-laid Stood like hoar priests in robes of white arrayed. —John Howard Bryant.

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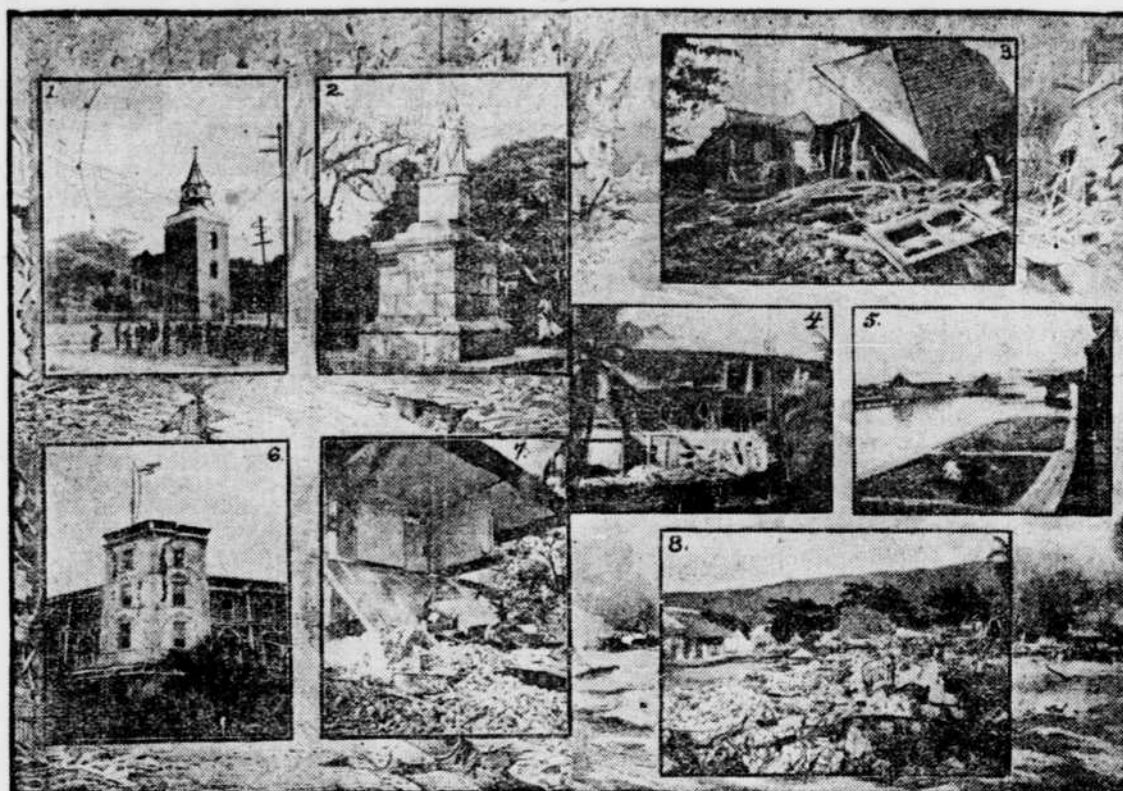
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HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE KINGSTON EARTHQUAKE.



1. Ruins of Kingston's most cherished relic, the parish church, where Admiral Benbow is buried. 2. Twisted but not overthrown; the curious plight of Queen Victoria's statue. 3. The ruins of the Woodbines, the house of Mr. DeLeon, whose wife was killed. 4. Myrtle Bank Hotel presented, as Lord Dudley remarked, the appearance of a grotesque, shattered doll's-house. 5. A lighter conveying the dying. 6. The wreck of the central tower at Constant Spring Hotel. 7. Ruins of Mr. Grinan's house, where one person was killed. 8. Ruins of the Military hospital, where forty British soldiers perished.

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An Irish Idyll

"I don't seem to have an idea left in my head." Molly O'Moore's head was a pretty one, however empty she might think it. Her speech was apparently made to about half a dozen cows grazing sleepily in a field under a brilliantly blue sky.

She was surprised, therefore, when a voice suddenly answered her—a young voice withal.

"Can I be of any assistance?" It said, and a laugh was followed by the appearance of a tall, well-built man of thirty or thereabouts.

Miss O'Moore surveyed him somewhat disparagingly—not on account of his aspect, which was beyond reproach—but because she judged his offer of assistance somewhat superfluous. "I am afraid not," she said at length. He had stood her scrutiny without flinching; "you see it's for a competition!"

He bowed, but his smile still lingered. He did not think it necessary or prudent to inform her that he did not see!

So he waited for further explanations, admiring meanwhile the dainty pose of the girl's dark head, the flash of her bright blue eyes. The slim, girlish figure wore a much washed muslin with much inimitable grace.

"It is so stupid," she said, apparently sufficiently satisfied with her examination to make a confidant of him. "There is a competition in this paper"—waving the Dublin Duchess with defiant hands—"but it is for 'engaged girls.' Fifty pounds is a lot of money, isn't it?"

He saw she was serious, and altered his mood accordingly.

"It is," he answered, feeling somehow glad that she could not possibly know that his income per week amounted to more than double that sum! "One could do a lot with fifty pounds, of course!"

"I was thinking it would buy dad a book or two he wanted for years, and a coat—his is so old—and we might be able to afford great more

than twice a week for some time to come. Meat is necessary for a man, I think, don't you—a man who is always working his brain? But there"—her face falling and the flush of excitement dying down—"what is the use of thinking about it at all, at all, when I'm not eligible, nor ever likely to be."

A deep sigh escaped her, and her lips quivered. It certainly was hard! The young man caught also the suspicion of a break in her voice.

"Don't despair," he said; "I think I can help you—that is to say, if you like—if you wouldn't mind, I mean." He paused; the subject was a delicate one, and he was afraid of handling it too roughly.

"You have an idea?" the girl asked quietly. "What is it?"

"You promise not to be annoyed?" "Annoyed?" Molly's voice was mischievous. "Why should I be?"

"Very well, then; it is this: Will you be engaged to me for as long or as short a time as you like, so that you may be eligible as a competitor in this 'Dublin Duchess' competition?"

At first the girl looked incredulous, then a ripple of laughter broke from her.

"What a funny idea!" she said. "I don't even know your name!" "That is easily remedied," he returned, producing a card, and handing it to her.

Molly read it dubiously. "Sir Robert Dugdale." "You aren't already married, I suppose?" she asked.

He laughed, and she did not notice his embarrassment. "No," he said; "I am not married, and if you like to say the word, and tell me your name, too, we will be engaged for the next month. If it pleases you, and you can go in for your competition and win the fifty pounds!"

"If only I could," she said. Then she looked at him a little comically.

"My name is quite a common one—"

Molly drew back with a cry of fear.

Mary O'Moore, she said, "and I am usually called Molly."

Bob Dugdale thought it the sweetest name he had heard. After all, there is "something in a name!"

"Common," he echoed; "oh, no, I don't think so. We had better begin our roles at once, hadn't we? You must have experience, of course, and I will teach you!"

He proved so apt an exponent that Molly O'Moore went to bed that night and dreamt that her prince was come, and nothing else in the whole wide world mattered.

And all through the exquisite summer weeks that followed Dugdale lingered in the little Irish fishing village, whither he had gone for salmon fishing, playing his part to perfection, and losing his heart ere he was aware of it to the lovely young daughter of the bookworm old clergyman, who was so absorbed in his "ologies" that he left the girl to take care of herself.

Molly drew back with a cry of fear. Her cheek grew pale. What was the matter?

"Daddy—oh, daddy! I have just heard," she cried, "Rejoice with me, darling; I'm longing to buy you all the things that you love—the books and the coat, and, oh, you know you ought to rejoice, for you have wept with me, too!"

Suddenly she bent down and touched his shoulder. Then with an exceeding bitter cry, which reached the faithful Biddy in the kitchen, she sank on to her knees.

Patrick O'Moore had gone where the writing of many books and much study have an end.

Molly O'Moore picked up the threads of her life, and went to London as governess to a family of ignorant, noisy children, who nearly killed her between them.

But it seemed there was one person

they stood in awe of—an uncle, whose name she never heard without a start. "Uncle Bob!" It brought back many unpleasant memories of a summer long since dead, though by no means forgotten.

That other Bob—Sir Robert Dugdale. She had never seen him, though she had read of his approaching marriage some weeks after his departure from Ireland to a lady of title—a cousin. This same paper informed her that it was a family arrangement, which would be the means of uniting two estates as well as two hearts! And she had understood why her love dream had ended so disastrously, and why her lover had branded himself as worse than a cad!

And she set herself to forget him, as much as it was possible, for she had forgiven him long ago. Love knows no limit to its forgiveness; it is not of the earth—it is from heaven above!

But forgetfulness is another matter altogether—one's memory is apt to be so long—so dreadfully hard to kill!

"Uncle Bob is coming to-day," one of her charges announced one afternoon in late December, as they sat at tea in the schoolroom at the top of the house. "He's been over in Ireland, and he comes back to-night!"

Molly poured out the tea with a steady hand.

"I am glad for your sakes he is coming," she said; "you are all so fond of him."

"Oh, he comes here lots and lots, really," they told her; "but just lately he's been awfully down on his luck, mother says, and so he's kept away. He is very fond of coming up to this room, which he says is the nicest in the house."

But Molly, thinking of other things, did not attend, and the children dropped the subject.

She was sitting alone in the schoolroom after 9 o'clock tea, when a man's tread sounded on the stairs outside, and the door was flung open.

"Molly!" cried a well-known voice; "at last, my darling!"

"Don't!" she implored. "Please—please, go away!"

"Go away?" he echoed, striding across the room, and standing in front of her, tall and commanding, and twice as handsome as even her memory had pictured him. "What nonsense! At least, I will go away if you like, but I mean to take you with me, if you will go. Molly—Molly!"

Molly pushed him from her with all her might. "Do you forget?" she said imperiously. "Do you forget Lady Clementine?"

"Lady Clementine, blessing on her heart, ran away with her groom a month before we were to have been married, and I have searched for you ever since, little dreaming I should find you here. Molly, before you ask me another question, answer me. Tell me, will you marry me? Will you love me, and be engaged to me in earnest this time, darling? You owe me that fifty pounds, but I'll take your heart instead. May I, darling?"

Molly looked up, her smiles fighting with her tears.

"You took that—long ago," she said shyly.

And then and there he gathered her into his arms, and the schoolroom became an Elysium.

People when they heard the news said that it was the end of a charming Irish idyll, but the two people who were most concerned in the affair declared that it is only just the beginning!—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Moving Likeness.

An artist who is commissioned to paint a portrait knows the desirability of what is termed "a speaking likeness." One artist who was called upon to execute a portrait from an old tin-type found that still more was expected of him.

"This isn't satisfactory to me or to Emma Jane, our daughter," said the widower, who had produced the tin-type as his sole "picture of ma."

"No, I should suppose not," the artist agreed.

"Well, now, what we want is this," and the widowed looked at him wistfully. "We'd like you to keep the features about as they are, only live 'em up some and make 'em sort o' twitchey."

"Twitchey!" echoed the artist, vaguely.

"Yes, twitchey," said the widower, with a decided nod. "You see, we loved ma just as she was, an' she had a kind o' a nervous twitch to her mouth an' nose that kep' up most of the time."

"I don't expect you to paint 'em twitchey," he added, tolerantly, "but I want, and Emma Jane wants, they should look as if they might twitch any minute."

The Bachelor Maid.

One day I asked a Bachelor Maid:

"What is the reason you won't wed?"

"I wish to live a freer life, And fight for woman's rights," she said.

But soon I learned that she had wed,

"Your fight for rights is o'er," I sighed.

"To change one's mind's a woman's right, And so I've gained my point," she cried.

—Princeton Tiger.

Fast Enough.

Church—What do you think of this scheme of sending bills by telegraph?

Gotham—They can come plenty fast enough by messenger boy to suit me.—Yonkers Statesman.

Late Staying.

"He's one of the most easy-going chaps I ever saw."

"Easy-going! You ought to have a daughter he calls on, as I have!"—Houston Post.

STRONG LIGHT HURTS EYES.

Sun's Rays and Other Intense Illuminative Have Serious Effects.

One occasionally meets people whose vision is affected but who speak with pride of the fact that their eyes have been so strong that they could look at the sun for several minutes at a time. Such people have no conception of the danger there is in such a practice and not only to them but to all the following instances may be of benefit.

Professor Madler, while working in a rather dark corner of his laboratory last year, broke a low resistance circuit in which an electric current at a voltage of 500 was flowing. The arc formed was about a foot from his eye and appeared like a ball of fire more than six inches in diameter. Immediately there was a feeling as if something had given way in his right eye, though no pain was experienced. Shortly afterward he noticed that a part of the retina was permanently affected, the injured portion being in the form of a square, with the center of vision in one corner. The sharp outlines of the field could be easily distinguished and upon closing the eye fan-shaped flashes of a violet color spread out from one corner at equal intervals of several seconds, the recurrence being entirely involuntary. After being for some time in the dark the flashes of light ceased.

The oculist who attended to the professor mentions a second case, where an eminent astronomer who had been imprudently observing a partial eclipse of the sun in the east, with his eyes unprotected in any way, found late in the day that on looking over a hillside he saw apparently a flock of eight or ten redbirds, whose movements were erratic. Since the birds appeared wherever he looked he carefully examined the field of vision and discovered that the sun had formed a crescent image on the center of the retina of the left eye. The color of the image was green, with a narrow red border. The injured area seemed to be quite blind and parallel lines diverged around it, this effect being just the opposite of the previous case. The injury is still noticeable and annoying, especially in reading.

THEY HAD HEARD OF HIM.

To be one with the great, even in the humblest manner, is enough to cast a rosy glow on life. What gives better satisfaction than the discovery that one shares a prejudice with an immortal?

It is any wonder, then, that the landlady of Rowsley cottage received a double tip from two young women travelers who sought lodgings under her picturesque, thatched roof?

"You come from America?" said the good lady, eying our meek figures. "Well, you 'ave nerve."

"Why?" exclaimed one of us. "Many Americans come to England."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Stubbs. "Yes, and many die 'ere." Just why she took this gloomy view of the situation was veiled in mystery. In spite of the lugubrious possibility, however, we concluded to remain.

Our bedroom was a delightful sort of a place, rambling, low-ceiled, with unexpected gabled windows in the thick stone walls. The bed was an immense affair, clean and inviting, but, alas! when tested, found to be a delusion and a snare. The mattress was of feathers, of the most feathery description.

We remonstrated with Mrs. Stubbs. "Well, now, if that ain't queer. I 'ad an American one before as found fault with that bed. Not found fault exactly, either, but in the morning, when I made up the bed, I see 'e 'ad been at work with 'is 'own 'ands and put the nice heavy feather bed underneath and the 'ard straw one atop. Said 'e couldn't abide feathers. So 'e changed them 'imself. That's funny," says I to myself, 'and 'e a gentleman, for 'e looked like one."

"E stayed three nights, and a better-mannered, pleasanter-spoken lodger I never 'ad, hall but the feather bed, and that wasn't really against 'im."

"Weeks after 'e'd gone I was over to Bakewell one day, and I see a book with the picture of the man who wrote it in front, and if it wasn't 'e 'imself!"

"He? Who?" we asked.

"Why, the lodger. You couldn't mistake it anywhere. The name was the same, too. I knew it in a minute. They said 'e was a big man in America. I asked at the shop. It was a poetry book. Perhaps you've 'eard of 'im. 'Is name was Longfellow—'Emery W. Longfellow."

Yes, we admitted that we had heard of him.

Change.

For wisdom men were once revered, They studied hard and told Their knowledge, and were thus endeared Unto the world of old.

They lifted up their heads to speak Where all mankind might view, And cheered the strong and helped the weak.

By telling what they knew.

But now the man who claims success In all this strife for gold, Is stoutly struggling to suppress Some fact that might be told.

The man who claims the public eye By some financial plot, Is, for the most, distinguished by The things he has forgot.

—Washington Star.

There is one advantage in being your own boss; you can work overtime and on holidays if you want to.

Home made advice is usually just as unsatisfactory as any other brand.

Pure Blood

Is certain if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures those eruptions, pimples and boils that appear at all seasons; cures scrofula sores, salt rheum or eczema; adapts itself equally well to, and also cures, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles; cures rheumatism and catarrh; cures nervous troubles, debility and that tired feeling.

Sarsaparilla—For those who prefer medicine in tablet form, Hood's Sarsaparilla is now put up in chocolate tablets called Sarsaparilla, as well as in the usual liquid form. Sarsaparilla have identically the same curative properties as the liquid form, besides accuracy of dose, convenience, economy—no loss by evaporation, leakage, or leakage. Druggists or promptly by mail. C. L. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

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For color styles and descriptions, Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



Mrs. C. K. Tyler, Burlington, Vt., says: "The cure of a large farm, so much to do and so little health to do it with, caused almost a complete breakdown. Blood poor and thin; no strength, little sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave appetite, natural sleep, perfect health, strength to do all my work."

Old Favorites

The Cockney.
It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin:
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing,
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted,
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked: "Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at home!"
And declared upon his honor—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the heart of making beer!

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That Americans spoke English,
But he deemed it quite absurd;
Yet he felt the deepest interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man in gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton
(So, methinks, I see him still),
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

Friendship.
A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled—
And after many a year
Gloved unchastened kindness,
Like daily sunrise there,
My careful heart was free again;
Oh, friend, my bosom said:
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-rund of our fate appears
A sun path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Water Motor Rings Up.
Any telephone exchange using hand generators for ringing up subscribers, will find a water motor much more convenient, as the operator only needs to press the foot lever to ring up and the bell will continue ringing as long as the lever is held down. Another advantage is that the motor and generator may be placed at some distance from the switch board, thus doing away with all noise.—Oma S. Harman in Popular Mechanics.

Lampy's Aviary.

Lampy has recently made several additions to his collection of stuffed birds. Among the most valuable are:

1. The Red-Beaked Puff—a rare specimen—the diet of this bird does not grow in Cambridge.

2. The Recepted Pade-Bill—extremely rare.

3. The Heartless Deane—a large and imposing-looking bird of the owl family.

4. The Crimson Heelab—this bird will probably be extinct in a few years, owing to the fact that it comes under the jurisdiction of the Public Nuisance law.

5. The White-Winged Brooks-Sparrow (religiosum sanctum)—a bird of prey.

6. The Crafty Foxbird (managerialium candidatum)—also a bird of prey.

7. The Green Fawrah—a small and harmless bird, the common diet of the Foxbird.—Harvard Lampoon.

Good for Evil.

There are some people who turn gray, but do not grow hoary; whose faces are furrowed, but not wrinkled; whose hearts are sorely wounded in many places, but are not dead. There is a youth that bids defiance to old age, and there is a kindness which laughs at the world's usage. These are they who have returned good for evil. Whom the gods love die young, and they die young because they never grow old.—Selected.

Old Favorites

Drifting.
My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat,
A bird aloft,
Swims round the purple peaks remote—
Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here I bled smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the Isles,
Calm Capri waits
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling bow
Floats on a sea of blue
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled—
The air I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail.
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies—
O'erwhelled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
Lands of sun to lands of snow—
This happier one
Its course has run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The world's blows,
Upholds me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My heart with you
Under the walls of Paradise!

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

TIED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Mo., says: "Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney trouble for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost continuous in the joints and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Maple Creams.

Shred the maple sugar finely and dissolve in a saucepan over the fire with a gill and a half of water. Remove the scum as it rises, and then boil up. If the maple sirup is quite clear and free from scum continue boiling, but if still thick add another gill of water, continuing to remove the scum. Bring the sirup to a temperature of 240 degrees, then remove, place on a wet marble slab and smooth it out with a confectionary spatula. While cooling add a teaspoonful of cream, two ounces of finely chopped walnuts, knead well, roll out to half an inch in thickness, and cut into squares.

Lucky She Didn't Hear Him.

Marks—Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?

Parks—S-sh! No man should speak that way about his wife.—Boston Transcript.

Is there any limit to the gullibility of men who pride themselves upon their business acuteness? Why should the goldbrick operator waste his time in the rural districts when the cities present a harvest ripe for the sickle? Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, temporarily in retirement, already is classed as antiquated in her methods. Keely of motor fame was bungling as compared with the contemporary exponents of the gentle art of effecting a separation between business men and their money. A Philadelphia banker hands over \$750,000 in exchange for a tin box supposed to contain the formula for purifying large bodies of water instantaneously. The box upon being opened reveals nothingness, vacuity. Two retired capitalists of New York, who have now retired again, pay \$40,000 in cash and as much more in negotiable securities for an inexhaustible storage battery, which, once charged, is to go on forever. The sample battery, being dissected upon the disappearance of the seller, proves to be an ordinary dry cell. An energetic but unoriginal person revives the historic scheme for extracting gold from sea water and gets money for it from divers Massachusetts Yankees. The "Spanish priest," with his letters telling of buried treasure, is doing business in California. No returns are at hand from Chicago, probably because when the Chicago man "picks up a hot one" he takes his medicine instead of going to the police and advertising himself, says the Chicago Chronicle. No recent sales of the Masonic Temple to Indiana visitors are reported. But it is a significant fact that in all the current swindles the cruder ones have achieved the greatest success. It is more significant that the victims in every case cited have been not bucolics nor villagers but the very sophisticated of the cities. The meaning of it all may be that our money capitalists are losing their shrewdness, but the more likely reason is that the prevailing greed for easy money has blinded otherwise astute men to the obvious considerations of common sense.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Some Theological Acumen.
Bishop (examining candidate for deacon's orders)—Now, Mr. Knowlton, can you tell me what connection there is between the old and the new testament?

Candidate (after lengthy hesitation)—It seems to me, your lordship, there are some vital points of connection, one of which I may mention—namely, Peter cut off Malachi's ear.

Bishop—I fear you did not just catch the point of my question; but let me ask you a more explicit one. Please name the minor prophets.

Candidate—Well, really, I do not care to make any invidious distinctions.—Judge.

There can be no further doubt that Bret Harte was a real poet. He was unable to provide for his family.

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SYIFF SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Exports of Attar of Roses.

The exports of attar of roses from Bulgaria in 1905 amounted to 11,933 pounds, valued at \$752,400, as compared with 9,130 pounds, the annual average for the seven preceding years. The United States bought only about twenty-five pounds of attar of roses from Bulgaria in 1897, but took 30.8 of the product in 1905. France came next with 28.8 per cent; the United Kingdom, 16.8 per cent; Germany, 13.4 per cent; Russia, 4.5 per cent, and Turkey, 4.2 per cent.

Safe Investments.
"Are those mining-stock certificates safe investments?"
"In a sense. They are the sort of investments that you look up in a safe and then hope for the best."—Washington Star.

Judging by Experience.
Uriah Upstate—Young Pason Gadsby has mortgaged his hundred acres for \$2,500 an' gone tew Noo York tew buy an automobile.
Silas Graball (who once purchased green goods)—Has, hey? Well, I'll jest bet yew a good 5-cent cigar that when he gits hum ag'in an' unpacks the said automobile it'll turn out to be a nice red wheel-barrel!—Puck.

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S. N. U. No. 15—1907

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Mr. Hunter—Well, I have always aimed to be honest.
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Sapleigh—I—aw—would never have my foh money, doncher know, because I—aw—don't weally need it."

Miss Castile—If you ever marry I suppose it will be for brains.

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Long Like Him.

"Well," asked the Rev. Mr. Tallman, "what did you think of my sermon?"

"Oh! er—it was like you," replied Mr. Kandor.

"Characteristic, eh?"

"Well, it certainly wasn't stunted."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

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IDEAL RULE IN ALASKA.

Alaska's ideal government, of which Gov. Hoggatt is so proud, says the Seward Gateway, does not appeal to Gen. Greely, who has traveled over the territory a great deal more than the governor. Gen. Greely stigmatizes the present system of federal rule in Alaska as "bad," which is a term so simple that even children and congressmen can understand it.

Gen. Greely further proclaims that the federal government has never given Alaska a square deal and treats its citizens as if they were aborigines. This latter statement is gross flattery to the federal system in Alaska. Reservation Indians everywhere hold distinct advantages over Alaska citizens. For instance:

Federal law makes no provision for the care of indigent sick persons, or the poor and helpless of any description. If a miner, or even a mail carrier becomes crippled or ill he is thrown upon the charity of the citizenry, unless he happens to have sufficient savings to pay his own expenses. In any case when his own resources are exhausted he is dependent upon others. The government which has squandered hundreds of millions upon coffee-colored barbarians and which pays large annuities to squalid Indians upon reservations, gives not a penny to aid unfortunate white citizens in Alaska. It has no provision for the relief of one of its mail carriers who may happen to freeze his feet on the trail.

A description of all the scratches on the government slate in Alaska would be too long for anything but a serial story in a magazine, but as samples please note that federal law prescribes no regulations for the conduct of mining which offer any safeguard to life or limb; that the license laws are framed to impose little burden upon largemines, fish canneries and other big corporate interests; that the coast of Alaska has no lighthouses or life saving service worth mentioning and its coast survey is antiquated; that its timber is being sequestered for forest reserves as rapidly as a young man just out of college who never saw Alaska can draw plate for the purpose; that a considerable part of the population of one judicial district is hundreds of miles from the nearest office of a clerk of the United States court and 400 miles further from the judge of the district.

Finally Alaska has a governor who received his training in civil government as a lieutenant in the navy and thereby became impressed with the belief that the best government is that which leaks downward from the top.—Gateway.

Strikes are deplorable affairs and all order loving people regret to see them occur, because it disturbs and unsettles the peace of communities and nearly always works a hardship on all concerned. The

fault is, as a general thing, laid at the door of the strikers. In many cases this is true, but again in many cases there is a cause that impels them to it as a matter of self-preservation. Several years ago a strike occurred in Oregon, and governor Penney was called upon to order out the militia to coerce the strikers into subjection. Instead, however, the governor went to the scene of the disturbance, took in the situation and then said to the corporation employing the men: "Treat these employees as if they were men instead of slaves and cattle, and this strike will end and you will have no further trouble." The corporation did as it was bid, the men returned to their work and further trouble, perhaps bloodshed was averted. Of course in this section where individuals who would not work if they had a chance are sent out by employment agencies for so much per head, it is different. There will be individual strikes for which no one is responsible except the cultus individual, who should be given so many hours to get out or be put on the rock pile. We refer to large bodies of men as strikers. What this country needs is more Penneys as well as more Roosevelts who would delve to the bottom of questions that effect employer and employee alike.

One of the most perilous of the world's vocations, but one in which an army of from five to seven thousand men take part, is the seal hunt, as it is called. The scene of the hunt is the ice fields which drift southward in the spring of each year from the Arctic regions, and a bleaker or more desolate region could scarcely be found than this great ice waste. The prey of the seal hunters, however, is of enough value to tempt them to brave the rigors and dangers, for the fur seal which is their quest is of especial value. Not only is its coat valuable, but the blubber of the young yields an oil which is much prized for different purposes. The Arctic current which sweeps southward through the ocean along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland carries with it a variety of animal life, being one of the great feeding grounds for deep sea fish such as cod and mackerel. The low temperature of the waters, and the fact that for such a large portion of the year great masses of ice drift upon them, ranging from the glacial berg to the floe, render the Arctic current a fit habitat not only for many varieties of fish, but for the seal referred to. The ice floes form the cradle of the young, where they are cared for by the mothers during the first few weeks of their existence. The fine pelt which forms the coat of these young seals is especially prized by the seal hunters, for the reason that it can be manufactured into leather which is utilized extensively for making trunks, boots, as well as book bindings. The oil referred to commands a high price, being used for illumination, for lubrication, and for the manufacture of toilet soaps.—Scientific American.

From latest dispatches we judge that all great men have their troubles. The latest is the Hon. C. W. Fairbanks of Indiana, vice-president of the United States and the prospective candidate for president at the hands of the next republican National convention. Collier's Weekly says Charles is crooked, and not a desirable man for the exalted position, giving its reasons plainly and without equivocation, and taking Collier at his word Mr. Fairbanks has allowed his light to glimmer and it has about gone out. Hence Alaska will probably not be urged further to send Fairbanks delegates to the next National convention.

It now looks as if governor Folk of Missouri will be the next democratic candidate for the presidency. The hue and cry of government ownership raised by Bryson and Hearst seems to have completely shelved those gentlemen with the rank and file of their party. Bryan is a great statesman; but his many ridiculous fads have been the

means of relegating him to the hindmost ranks in his party. Gov. Folk is a strong presidential possibility—one against whom not every republican aspirant could be successful.

A jury has been secured, and the trial of Haywood for complicity in the murder of ex-governor Steunenberg, is on at Boise. A witness, Orchard by name, tells a story on the witness stand of revolting crimes instigated by Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, which if true in whole or in part, should hang the whole combination higher than Haman. Such wholesale murder and wreckage of property as that told in Orchard's story cannot be recognized or tolerated in this country where men are guaranteed life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The signs of the times indicate a cloudy period for the large lumber firms of the Sound and the workmen in their employ. On the first of June the Washington Logging & Brokerage Company shut down, throwing 12,000 men out of employment. This was owing to the utter demoralization of the California lumber market.

With an advance of 2 to 6 cents per pound for beef, in Chicago, it looks as if meat will soon become quite a luxury all over this country.

Uncle Samuel is not busted, yet, as anybody knows of. His surplus for May was \$8,575,212, and for the eleven months last past \$65,000,000. That means that after paying the running expenses out of the receipts, that that amount went into the treasury.

The enforcement of the anti-trust laws is causing some of the big corporations to "hump and gather like a burnt boot." The Pierce Oil Company of Missouri, operating in Texas, was recently fined \$1,623,000 for entering the state through fraud.

Wisconsin republicans are standing by their favorite son, Senator La Follette, for the presidency. Knowing ones say that a much weaker man might be put forward.

Come to think about it, we believe there has not been a fire drill for eight or nine months, and were wondering if the "boys" wouldn't forget which side they work on, if let go much longer. A little practice should be had occasionally for the good of all concerned.

From this time to the close of the year 1909 the eyes of the world will be upon Seattle and Alaska, anticipating the exposition that will occur. The event has had a good beginning, and we of the north can do no less than lend our aid in making it the success that it promises to be.

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